

## Suspension

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Summary: While scouting locations for a new training exercise, Captain Phasma is exposed to a rare virus and forced to endure a full standard rotation of mandatory medical suspension, leaving her (numerous) duties and assignments in the hands of Kylo Ren.

## Suspension

**\*\*Author's Note:** \*\*So, just to let you know, like any fandom I ever write fic for, I know a LOT about Star Wars. Like have seen all the movies and shows multiple times, read several comics and either the full text or full summaries of all of the novels (this goes for the current canon) a lot. Anyway, what I'm saying is that I am not going to follow any weird, non-canonically based fandom trends in this story. If that is what you came for, you will be deeply disappointed.

Kylo and Phasma's relationship has been left purposefully as vague as the canon has it right now. We don't know anything about how well they know each other. We know they both look more to the past than to the future in terms of their reasons for supporting the First Order (Phasma's armor is made of Palpatine's old ship and Kylo has his Vader obsession), that they agree Hux's training has serious problems and they like each other more than they like Hux. You can read it literally however you want to. I don't have a definite time setting for it because I intend to go back after the next film and slide it in wherever I think it fits best. I'll warn you, there is about a 5% chance that things could play out in such a way there would be no time this story would work, but I have really tried to minimize that. I actually intend to go back and redo scenes using Kylo and Phasma's POVs and add more of them interacting alone once we learn more about how well they know each other to prove that it was written to fit any scenario ranging from co-workers of equal rank who keep a professional distance to some sort of romantic something, I suppose even an actual relationship. Seriously, it is meant to be as open to

interpretation as the movie and all expansions were. And I want you to appreciate, for a moment, how difficult that was to write. So, don't bitch at me for not doing pairings or whatever. If that's how things turn out, I'll go back and write the version of it that's that way. If not, I'll go back and write that version. I just like both of these characters a lot. I do want them to be friends, I don't need them to be more than that, but would never object to seeing Gwendoline Christie in any sort of romantic role.

Also most of the officers and Stormtroopers I made up. Lt. Mitaka is real though, he's the guy that Kylo chokes the shit out of in the movie. He survived, by the way, so he doesn't give you a time setting for the story.

**\*\*A Note About Phasma:** **\*\***Of course, I had to do a bit of expansion on Phasma, but I tried to keep to what we know about her as a character from the movie, novel and the visual dictionary. She's obsessed with physical perfection, really into her job and not great at lying (this comes up in the novel when she tries to lie to Han and Finn while taking down the shields). She's also like painfully Inner Core and possibly the first literal Feminazi (sorry, can't not make Nazi jokes about the First Order even though I love it), but I don't think that comes up in this story. This story really deals with her obsession over being physically perfect and her response when that is taken from her at a time she needs it to do an important part of her job. I wanted to write about her because I like her, and also because I don't support the current fandom idea of her as the "normal" person in the First Order. Phasma is not that. Just like the others, she has weird obsessions (her physical perfection and maybe Palpatine) and is presumably capable of being just as (well, almost as) unreasonable as the others. The woman wears a cape and parts of a dead Sith's ship to work. And we make fun of Kylo for keeping Vader's helmet.

**\*\*A Note About Hux:** **\*\***For those of you who have become accustomed to "fandom Hux" I must inform you that he will not be appearing in this story. He is in character, and the people around him think of him in an in-character way. Other people in the First Order DON'T LIKE THIS GUY. Read the novel or the Visual Dictionary. The officers all hate him because he's a backstabby asshole. Kylo and Phasma think he's a coward who has no business training soldiers (and they're right). Other people just find him slimy and unlikable ("slimy" is a description that comes from the novel, not me, although I happen to agree with it). Just understand, I'm not the one bashing him in this story. It's really what the people around him think. So, I don't want to hear any complaints. If you don't want real Hux, don't read anything I write.

Anyway, I think that's it. Please read and review!

**\*\*Suspension\*\***

"It seems our initial conclusions were correct," Captain Phasma said to IZ-3852, whose orange shoulder pad marked him as a squad leader. "Panthera will serve our needs far better than Draemon, in regards to the new exercise. Conditions on Draemon are too inhospitable for the Resistance to establish a base. There would be no purpose conducting an exercise in such an environment."

"Understood, Captain," he answered. The Captain had just returned from scouting Draemon alone. IZ-3852 had been selected as one of the leaders for this new training exercise of hers, but she'd been rather secretive about all the details. "Should I have the troops briefed on the conditions on Panthera?"

As they walked, IZ-3852 noticed Kylo Ren off to his left. He had been talking to another trooper, but now it seemed that he was monitoring IZ-3852's conversation with the Captain. Best not to think about it. If Ren had some sort of problem with him, he would find out soon enough.

"They are to be given a cursory overview after deployment. Any more would compromise the entire exercise, given its purpose is to teach our soldiers how to respond to the unexpected."

It was unusual, but it was not IZ-3852's place to question such things, and he was not about to do so. "Yes, Captain. The troops will be ready to deploy at 1930 hours."

"Excellent. You're dismissed."

IZ-3852 stood at attention for a brief moment, to show respect, "Captain." He then turned and headed toward the hangar exit. As the Captain walked away, he noticed her stumble a bit out of the corner of his eye. He'd never seen her misstep in all the time he'd worked with her. Certainly not while she was on duty. He considered saying something, but it really wasn't his place.

Any lingering doubts IZ-3852 had about speaking to her again disappeared a few moments later, as he noticed Kylo Ren on an intercept path with the Captain. He had no interest in being anywhere near a conversation between them unless he was being given direct orders. It was just too much power in too small a space for his liking. It didn't stop him from discreetly listening, though.

"Is everything alright, Captain?"

Captain Phasma was quiet for a long moment before she answered him. "Why do you ask?"

"You stumbled just now. It's most unusual." Ren had a point, although IZ-3852 was confused as to why it concerned him. He was aware of the fact that Kylo Ren possessed some sort of superhuman skills in regards to insight, though, perhaps he thought there was more to the situation than there appeared to be for a reason.

Another pause from the Captain. "My boot must have been damaged during the scouting mission. I intend on having my armor cleaned before my demonstration, I'll have it examined then."

Ren didn't respond or move out of her path. After a few more seconds, the Captain spoke again. "The demonstration is in half an hour, if you'll excuse me." She side-stepped him quickly and began to walk (in her usual even, perfect strides) out of the hangar. Ren turned slowly to watch her go, his head tilted in what IZ-3852 could only guess was curiosity or suspicion.

\* \* \*

><p>Phasma stopped and looked around at the empty corridor. She leaned up against the wall and attempted to catch her breath, however, her attempts to force her breathing back into its usual steady rhythm backfired, and the air caught in her lungs, coming back out as a cough. Another breath only turned the cough into a fit: the sound reverberated inside her helmet and came out as near-monstrous through her voice modifier, echoing in the hallway and causing her to cringe.<p>

As soon as it subsided, she heard a voice behind her. "Is your boot giving you trouble again?"

She looked over her shoulder to see Kylo Ren emerging from the shadows of an adjoining hallway. "You've followed me this whole time?"

"Were I as skilled at stealth as you are at deception, I'm certain you would have noticed earlier."

She stood up straight and turned to face him. "I assure you I am perfectly alright."

"I believe I just addressed your deficiencies in the area of deceit."

"I cannot be sick. Not today."

"I agree. But you are sick. Today."

"Are you intimating you believe me to be incapable of doing my job?" If she was annoyed (or felt any emotion) over this, it did not carry into her voice.

This time, it was Kylo who allowed the conversation to lapse into silence as he carefully considered his response. "I'm not intimating anything. I'm suggesting you go to the medical bay for treatment."

"If I feel no better after the demonstration I will report to the medical bay."

"So, you admit there's something wrong." He looked at her for a moment. "You should take care of it as soon as possible."

Phasma considered this. "I can postpone the demonstration until after I've visited the medical bay." She turned to go, then turned to look back at him. "As you're not on duty at the moment, you should accompany me, we will use the time to discuss details of this evening's exercise."

"Very well."

\* \* \*

><p>Dr. Varna, Chief Medical Officer of the <em>Finalizer</em>, looked Captain Phasma squarely in the eye (a feat he could only manage due to the fact she was sitting down). He straightened his rather long, buttoned lab coat before he spoke. "Captain, you will need to remove your helmet."

He couldn't believe he had to \_tell \_her that. Varna disliked dealing with the superior officers, they were too eccentric and dangerous for even his tastes (and \_any \_doctor that worked for the First Order was eccentric and dangerous enough to be completely ostracized by the rest of the galaxy's medical community).

From their conversation (which they'd carried for several minutes \_after \_he'd entered the room, as if he had not done so), the doctor had gathered that Ren had convinced Phasma to come here. It was hardly the first time Ren had been responsible for another officer winding up in the medical bay, although he was usually considerably moreâ€¦ forceful about it.

Phasma took (in Varna's opinion) an inordinately long time to remove her helmet. The expression she wore underneath indicated she was far from happy with her current circumstances. She \_was, \_however, clearly quite ill. In all the time he'd served on the \_Finalizer\_ he'd never known Phasma to be in anything less than perfect physical condition. The results of her physicals were used as gold standards for other soldiers to be compared against (and always found wanting). She'd sustained a few injuries, of course, she was so active it was unavoidable, but he'd never seen her get \_sick\_.

Dr. Varna held out his hand, prompting his medical droid to produce a scanner. He ran the scanner around her head, circling her ears, then prompting her to open her mouth to scan inside. Phasma endured it with a sort of icy professionalism. Although his instruments indicated she had a relatively high fever, Varna still found it difficult to believe, were he to touch her skin, she would be anything but absolutely freezing.

"I will need to run your scan results through the medical database," Dr. Varna said to her. "It should only take a few minutes."

She didn't respond. Lovely. And Ren hadn't spoken since he'd started the examination. Varna didn't turn around to look at him. There would be no purpose. He was sure Ren hadn't moved from his previous position- in the chair across from the table Phasma was sitting on, hunched over, hands clasped in front of him. Justâ€¦ watching. This was \_exactly \_what he meant about the superior officers. Phasma was cold, aloof and intimidating, and Ren was dark, unsettling and violentâ€¦ and worst of all, they \_both \_had more likable personalities than General Hux.

Varna made his way over to his console, medical droid behind him. He returned the scanner to the droid. "Run the scan results against the medical database." The droid responded with a series of beeps. He vaguely recalled medical units speaking Basic when he was a child, and he supposed his might even be capable of doing so in some sort of emergency, but it wasn't encouraged. He had never considered a potential reason for the change. History had never been a strength or interest.

He heard the superior officers resume their conversation, and noticed that Ren's voice was no longer modified when he spoke. "I can be ready to leave by 1700, if you're certain that gives us enough time to prepare."

"It should." Phasma answered. "Troops are scheduled to arrive at

2000."

"And have you made a decision about how much information we're going to give the Squad Commanders?"

"Yes, I-" Suddenly she started coughing, but managed to control it rather quickly. "...It sounds terrible."

"Better without the helmet," Ren answered. "Before you sounded like an old holo-recording of General Grievous."

"...At least then it matched the cape." Was that supposed to be some sort of joke? It was impossible to tell from her tone.

The name "General Grievous" sounded somewhat familiar to the doctor, but he couldn't place it. Like anyone in the First Order, Varna knew the basics. Names like Tarkin, Palpatine, Vader and Mas Amedda he could match to faces and facts. But Grievous was just a vague blur to him. An obscure Imperial officer or, perhaps, even something older? He wasn't sure. All he knew was the name and now that, apparently, whoever "Grievous" was he or she had a bad cough and had worn a cape.

He decided to tune out the rest of their conversation as the subject matter returned to the exact details of their upcoming mission. Varna held no love for the minutia of military operations. The database had a match within a few minutes.

He watched as his droid loaded the relevant data. "Prepare the treatment." It let out a series of sharp beeps and rolled off to do as commanded.

Dr. Varna made his way over to where the Superior Officers were seated. He kept both of them in view, but spoke directly to Phasma. He assumed she had no problem with Ren knowing the results of her test, if she did, then she should have left him outside. "Captain, you seem to have contracted Talarian Death Fever. You were most likely infected during your scouting mission to Draemon."

If Captain Phasma had any particularly strong feelings about this information, her face did not betray them.

From behind him, Varna heard Ren's voice. It was unclear if he was somehow concerned, or simply shocked. "What?"

Phasma looked at Dr. Varna. "What is the prognosis?"

"This treatment," the doctor said, as his medical droid rolled up beside him and produced a hypo, "will greatly reduce the severity and duration of your symptoms. For roughly one standard rotation you will suffer from a moderate fever, dizziness, muscle weakness, shortness of breath and minor respiratory problems, after which you should be back to normal."

Neither Ren nor Phasma seemed as relieved by this as Dr. Varna would have expected.

"The name seems unnecessarily misleading," Ren said, almost as if he suspected Varna of having some sort of agency in it.

"Well, without this," Dr. Varna said, pulling down the neck of Phasma's undersuit to inject the treatment. "I assure you the disease would live up to its name. The Captain's symptoms would rapidly worsen over the next three or four hours, and then she would spendâ€¦" The doctor looked her up and down, quickly taking into account her base physical state of near-perfection. "I'd say eight to ten days in agony and fevered delirium before, inevitably, succumbing to the virus. ...Ah, the wonders of modern medicine."

"How communicable is it? Does Kylo Ren or anyone else I've been in contact with since returning from Draemon require testing?"

"No. The disease is not contagious until the final stage, you were still in stage two. There is nothing to worry about."

"And what of the remaining symptoms?" Phasma asked.

Dr. Varna, who had begun to walk away, turned back to look at her, his black and red medical droid shadowing his motions. "...What are you talking about?"

"You said the treatment would reduce my symptoms. What do you intend to give me for the symptoms that remain?"

Was she serious? What was wrong with these people? He was, of course, aware that Phasma had some sort of preoccupation with her physical condition, but was she actually expecting to recover instantly from a serious illness?

"Nothing. As of right now, you are on mandatory medical suspension for one standard rotation."

Captain Phasma did not seem pleased. "Are you saying you are incapable of treating what is now a mild fever and slight dizziness?"

"With all due respect, Captain, I believe you are failing to appreciate that the medicine I have already given you has turned a week long fever of agony and certain death into a day long fever of dizziness and mild inconvenience."

She clearly was failing to appreciate that fact, as she almost immediately responded with, "You're certain there is no stimulant you could give me that would allow me to function normally?"

Dr. Varna sighed. Why were the superior officers all so unreasonable? Power allowed them to be, he supposed. It must have been nice. Still, as powerful as they were, even the likes of Captain Phasma and Kylo Ren could do nothing to change cold, scientific realities. "Permission to speak freely?"

Phasma did not respond, but, to Varna's surprise, Ren did. "Granted."

Phasma's eyes flashed to the other superior officer, but her expression was unreadable.

"The rather potent cocktail of anti-virals, immune boosters and narcotics I gave you have reduced your symptoms as much as possible without causing any damage to your body. Nevertheless, you are still

in a weakened state due to the illness and giving you stimulants or further medication aimed at improving your functioning would have an opposite, possibly even fatal, effect."

Varna looked at Phasma directly. "I am well aware of the fact that you are unaccustomed to being in anything less than ideal physical condition, however, for the duration of your suspension you will simply have to adjust."

Captain Phasma's eyes narrowed. For a moment, Dr. Varna wondered if he had, perhaps, gone too far. A few, tense moments later, however, her expression returned to normal and she slowly replaced her helmet and stood up. "Understood."

"You're to return to your quarters immediately and rest. No strenuous activities of any kind."

She said nothing, but began to walk out of the medical bay.

"I will inform General Hux that you have Talarian Death Fever," Varna said, after her. Phasma wasn't his favorite person, but it seemed needlessly cruel to make someone talk to Hux while ill. "And of your mandatory medical suspension."

"Don't bother," Dr. Varna turned at the sound of Ren's (now modified) voice, to see that the officer was already sweeping casually past him. "I'll take care of it."

"As you wish, sir."

\* \* \*

><p>"Have the helm plot a course for the Korvala System and engage the hyperdrive immediately," General Hux said to Lieutenant Mitaka. He couldn't help but smile a bit as he did so.<p>

He'd just heard from an officer on duty near the medical bay that Kylo Ren had contracted Talarian Death Fever. It sounded like Ren was going to die and there wasn't much that could be done. Hux was glad he'd heard ahead of time, it would look bad if he were to smile when he received the official report.

Ren's death would be a loss to the Order, of course, but they would survive without him. Some of them, even, would thrive.

"You're in a good mood." Hux froze at the sound of Ren's voice behind him, feet rooted to the ground, it was almost as if he could feel the hope and optimism of mere moments before seeping out of his body through them.

Had someone been playing some sort of practical joke on him? Ren himself, no doubt. Immature and unprofessional, as usual. Hux turned to face him. "I thought you had Talarian Death Fever."

"You were misinformed."

"Clearly." Hux straightened his jacket. "...Very amusing."

Ren was silent for a moment, and tilted his head slightly. Hux was unsure what he meant by it. Perhaps he was confused? Or was simply



pretending to be. Out of the corner of his eye, Hux noticed Mitaka edging away from them, trying to return to his station as quickly as possible, his steps nervous.

If Ren had been considering responding to Hux's comment, he ultimately decided against it. He spoke again once Mitaka was out of earshot. "...Captain Phasma has Talarian Death Fever and, according to Dr. Varna, she will be fully recovered by tomorrow. She is on medical suspension until then."

So, it had been a simple miscommunication? Hux supposed this was what he got for pinning his hopes on rumors. He let out an irritated sigh. "If it's not fatal, then why is it called Talarian Death Fever?"

"You seem to be taking this rather personally," Ren observed.

"It's disorderly," Hux managed to finish. He'd nearly said "disappointing." Because it was disappointing: both that the disease wasn't fatal and that Ren wasn't the one who had it. He'd stopped himself, however, he was a professional. "You can't just give something a name that has no basis in reality! That's just chaos!"

"...We might as well be living in total anarchy."

"Exac-" Hux's eyes narrowed as he caught onto Ren's sarcasm a moment too late. "What is it that you want?"

"I'm here about the prototype training exercise planned for 2000 hours today." He said it louder, some of the officers turned to look for a moment at the sound of his voice.

Ah yes, the new "prototype" training exercise. Hux barely suppressed a smile. At least if Ren himself wasn't going to die, his plan to undermine Hux's authority would. "It looks as if it will have to be cancelled."

"Rescheduled," Ren corrected, rather darkly.

"...Yes, of course. Although, I'm not sure when will be convenient."

"We can manage to find time in the next five days."

"I'm not certain we can, actually."

Ren was quiet for a moment. "I would hate to have to trouble the Supreme Leader with such a trivial concern. It's only twenty-five men for a few hours. It hardly seems difficult to accommodate."

Was Ren really threatening to go over his head for this? Why was he so concerned with the Stormtrooper training anyway? What did it have to do with him? Ren was probably just doing it to get to Hux. He'd probably put Phasma up to helping him, too. The woman was incapable of turning down work, after all.

Hux glared at Ren for a moment, but there was nothing he could do about it, now. "Within the next five days, then."

"Very good." Ren turned and exited the bridge, Hux glaring at him continually until he was gone.

\* \* \*

><p>Well, Hux hadn't exactly been <em>reasonable</em>, but at least he'd caved to pressure without throwing too much of a fit. To be fair, he'd presumably expended that energy on the (rather entertaining) little outburst he'd had upon discovering Kylo wasn't suffering from a terminal illness.

Now, all Kylo needed to do was go back and tell Phasma that he'd gotten Hux to agree to reschedule the exercise in front of the entire bridge. He turned the corner onto the corridor where her quarters were located and froze.

Phasma was walking down the hallway in the opposite directionâ€| presumably toward the training areas, or the gym. Had she lied to him? How? She was, quite possibly, the worst liar he had ever met, and he'd trained with Luke Skywalker.

...Unless she thought that by volunteering to tell Hux in place of Varna, Kylo had actually been intending not to tell Hux at all, enabling her to ignore her medical suspension and work anyway. That seemedâ€| unreasonable. But Phasma had been unusually unreasonable since this whole mess had started.

He couldn't just let her go now, though. She couldn't be seen by any officers outside of her quarters now that Hux knew about her suspension. That would constitute insubordination. He couldn't risk being overheard arguing with her, either. This needed to be taken care of quickly and quietly.

He had one option. Phasma would understand. ...Eventually.  
...Probably. Kylo held up his hand and she froze.

\* \* \*

><p>Phasma blinked a few times, as she opened her eyes. Her vision was blurred and her head was throbbing. She closed her eyes again in an attempt to focus her mind. She'd left her room, it had not been easy to walk with her armor on in her condition, her helmet had been <em>particularly</em> <em>stifling</em>, but she'd managed. Her helmetâ€| she wasn't wearing it now.

She had not lost consciousness due to her illness. Phasma remembered being frozen in place and thenâ€| nothing. ...Kylo Ren. She opened her eyes and looked around, finding him quickly. He was standing next to her bed, mask on, hovering over her.

"You left your room," he observed. His voice was casual, but dark: she'd heard him use a similar voice with interrogation subjects.

"You've no authority to keep me here."

"Would you have preferred I reported your violation of medical suspension to General Hux?"

Her eyes narrowed icily. She didn't bother to dignify his statement

with a response.

"As I thought."

Phasma didn't respond. Instead she looked away from him and up at the ceiling. She could feel him looking at her, considering what to say next. She heard the small pressure locks on his mask release. She kept her expression fixed.

He removed his helmet and smirked a bit. "If anything, you should be thanking me."

Then suddenly, very suddenly, Phasma reached up and grabbed the front of his tunic, pulling Kylo Ren down with such speed and strength that it wiped the smug look off his face and nearly threw him off balance. Indeed, it might have succeeded in the latter, if Phasma had not continued to hold him up.

She looked him directly in the eyes, he blinked a few times but it did nothing to conceal the obvious shock and nervousness. In contrast, Phasma's eyes were calm, strong and confident, in spite of her illness. His expression indicated that he realized it was his turn to listen now.

"Am I to understand that you will not allow me to work until I have recovered completely?"

"Assuming there has been no major revision to the definition of 'mandatory medical suspension.'"

"Very well, then. Tell me, Kylo Ren, what do I hate more than \_anything \_else in the entire galaxy?"

"General Hux?"

"More specifically."

"General Hux enjoying the sound of his own voice?"

"Not quite."

"General Hux attempting to do your job?"

"Correct." She let go of him, and he (somewhat awkwardly) returned to his former position.

Phasma sat up and looked at him, with her usual perfect professionalism. It was as if the last few minutes had never even happened. "Please, fetch the datapad on the far table."

Kylo held up his hand and the datapad flew into it. He handed it to Phasma, who began making forceful, efficient entries into what looked to be an intimidatingly organized schedule. "I'm reorganizing my schedule for the next rotation, this should allow you to easily understand and utilize it.

"Most of these are simple drills, all you need do is stand there and be a command officer. \_If \_for any reason you are not available, I'm compiling a list of acceptable officers of sufficient rank that I trust to take my place.

"Additionally, there is a routine mission to the mining colony on Korvala at 1400 hours. I would feel most comfortable if you were to lead it yourself, in case of unexpected complications. Details on the mission are in a file linked to the schedule."

She pulled up the mission details for him and handed him the datapad. "A total of fifty troops, fifteen riot, ten flame. CG-2493 and FZ-7602 are the squad commanders. CG-2493 is a superior commander and the troops trust her, however FZ-7602 is the better shot. Their official records fail to reflect this reality as troops are graded on accuracy within an allotted time period. CG-2493 can hit more targets dead center, but FZ-7602 can make more rapid kill shots, especially in the field. Something else that you won't find on official records is that CG-2493 is quite skilled at hand to hand combat, in spite of her size."

Kylo nodded, looking up from the datapad. "Understood."

Phasma looked at him for a moment, as if considering something of great importance. "One more thing." She held out her hand to take the datapad again, and went into the communications settings. The movements of her fingers lacked their usual efficient confidence, almost as if she was forcing herself to take this action. "I am re-routing all calls made to any of my channels to you, with the exception of emergencies. You will still be able to contact me, of course."

"That leaves only my prototype exercise." Phasma sighed. "Hux will not be conducive to rescheduling."

"He's already agreed to do so in the next five days, in front of the entire bridge."

Phasma looked at him, surprised, but pleasantly so. "...Impressive."

Phasma shoved the datapad back into his hands before Kylo could be too pleased with the compliment. "You'll want to get started before Hux realizes my absence has left him a void in which to micromanage."

He turned to leave, took a few steps and turned back. "About" Kylo seemed uncertain how to finish the sentence that was obviously meant to address the method he had utilized to return her to her quarters.

"It's hardly time sensitive. We will discuss it later."

"Of course."

\* \* \*

><p>"Designation?"<p>

KP-6340 turned around and saluted at the sound of Kylo Ren's voice. "KP-6340, sir."

The superior officer said nothing, but quickly consulted a datapad in his hands.

Ren looked at him, again. "Excellent. Your job is to guard these quarters until I return. It should not be more than eight hours."

KP-6340 had actually been headed back to the recreation center. He'd been off-duty for about seven minutes now, but he was fairly certain Kylo Ren neither knew nor cared.

"Yes, sir," KP-6340 answered, a vision of his squadmates enjoying their planned dinner and game of sabacc without him passed vividly through his mind. They would understand, of course. There was nothing he could do, after all. He was just following orders. He turned to take his post when he realized something that even he felt the need to question. "...Sir, are these Captain Phasma's quarters?"

"Yes. Your job is to inform me if she escapes."

"E-Escapes?" Was the Captain being detained for some reason? That seemed highly unlikely.

"Captain Phasma is on mandatory medical suspension due to Talarian Death Fever."

Although he remained silent and attentive, KP-6340 felt himself beginning to panic. Captain Phasma? Dying? How would the troopsâ€| the shipâ€| the Order function without her? Would General Hux be given complete control over the Stormtroopers? His mind wrestled with that (rather distasteful) idea for a moment.

And for Captain Phasma to die of some illness? It was justâ€| wrong. She was probably the best hand-to-hand combatant in the entire First Order (with the possible exception of Kylo Ren, while using his powers). For her to die in anyway other than leading a great battle wasâ€| tragic.

"She will be fully recovered by tomorrow morning."

KP-6340 blinked a few times and composed himself, thankful that Ren had not been able to see his expression under his helmet.

"Until then, however, she cannot be seen outside of her quarters."  
Kylo Ren fell silent for a moment and turned to look at the door.  
"Under any circumstances."

\* \* \*

><p>"This is Kylo Ren calling engineering."<p>

The room froze for a brief moment as the incoming call echoed over the loudspeaker. The maintenance staff at their consoles then began exchanging quick, frantic looks. There was no need for words as varied levels of frustration, fear and exhaustion were silently evaluated against one another in a systematic effort to determine who would be saddled with that most dreaded task of all First Order technicians, mechanics and engineers: fixing some previously functional piece of technology destroyed by one of Kylo Ren'sâ€| expressions of rage.

It never looked good when any piece of equipment or technology went

straight from "new and undamaged" to "destroyed beyond repair" on one of the itemized budget forms, and for reasons that remained beyond comprehension to most of the \_Finalizer\_ maintenance staff, there was no "Kylo Ren" box for them to check. As a result, most of the staff marked either "accident" or "disaster" depending on their personal opinion of the superior officer.

Technician First Class Eha Rissan blinked a few times, looking to her left and then to her right. Everyone was looking at her. The call alert beeped again, its sound nearly as insistent as the eyes of her coworkers. She took a deep breath and let out a resigned sigh before pressing the button on the side of her headset. "Yes, sir. This is First Tech Rissan."

"This is a repair request." Of course it was.

"Please describe the damaged item and its location."

"A door lock console." Small and superficial? Rissan could not believe her good fortune. "...And the entire locking mechanism inside." Well, perhaps not so superficial, but at least it wasn't anything large or expensive. Really, it could be worse.

Rissan heard someone talking on the other side of the commlink. She couldn't make out what he was saying, but she was fairly certain it was one of the Stormtroopers. Then a few moments of silence.

And then came a sound that everyone on the maintenance team was painfully familiar with: a lightsaber being activated, then being brought into brutal contact with defenseless ship components. She cringed for the several long seconds the destruction continued.

"...The entire door may need to be replaced."

"...I see." Rissan blinked. Had she sounded impatient or frustrated? She worked quickly to get her emotions under control, incentivized by a vision of Ren choking her in midair. "Y-yes, of course, sir. Location?"

Her hands were shaking a bit as she entered the location he specified into her console. Rissan's eyes widened as it came up on the ship schematics. "Captain Phasma's personal quarters, sir?"

Why would Ren be destroying anything of \_Phasma's\_? She could think of no known arguments between the two superior officers. And, as intimidating as Ren was, Rissan doubted that even \_he\_ wanted to be on Captain Phasma's bad side.

"Correct," Ren answered. "You should evaluate the extent of the damage immediately, but you will not begin repairs until 0900 tomorrow. Do you understand?"

No! She \_didn't\_ understand! Because it didn't make any \_sense!\_ \_Kylo Ren\_ calling her because he'd broken the door to Captain Phasma's quarters, and telling her not to start repairing it until tomorrow! How was she supposed to even \_begin\_ to understand that?

"S-Sir, since these are the quarters of another superior officer, I-I'm going to need her authorization before I-"

"Technician." The tone of Ren's voice caused Rissan to stop speaking immediately. "Are you refusing to follow my orders?"

But, Captain Phasma was, Rissan reasoned, a problem for the future. Ren was a problem in the present and, frankly, she would rather beg Phasma for forgiveness than risk suffering Ren's temper.

"N-No, sir! O-Of course not! The repairs will begin promptly at 0900 tomorrow."

"Very good."

Rissan looked back at the form in front of her. "A-And the nature of the damage, sir?"

Ren was silent for a moment, and when he answered his tone made it clear that he thought her question was, perhaps, the most unnecessary he had ever been asked. "Lightsaber."

\* \* \*

><p>"Lieutenant Mitaka, you'll be filling in for Captain Phasma for the duration of her suspension," General Hux said to him. Mitaka tried not to show any emotion over this. He preferred to work far away from the intimidating, unconventional officers who wore masks, capes and hoods. He supposed, however, it wouldn't be so bad, as Phasma would be in her quarters the whole time, as long as he didn't have to work with Kylo Ren. "Access the duty roster to see if you need clearance from a superior officer for anything." <p>

"Yes, sir." Lieutenant Mitaka did as commanded, pulling up the roster and accessing Captain Phasma's duties. Looking at them, he wondered if he had made some sort of mistake. It seemed impossible that a single officer could do so much. Perhaps she had crammed more work into the rest of the day to make time for the prototype exercise Kylo Ren and General Hux had been talking about? He wasn't sure he could do all of it himself. In fact, he was certain he couldn't. The only thing he \_wasn't\_ \_certain\_ of was how best to acquaint General Hux with that fact.

Behind him, General Hux sighed. "There's no way we can cover all of this with a single officer. Realistically, how much of this do you think you can manage?"

At least Hux wasn't expecting the impossible. "Perhaps two-thirds?"

"Could you do three-fourths, if I give you tomorrow off to recover? She was only scheduled to work until 1700 as it is."

He was only expecting the \_nearly\_ impossible. For General Hux, however, he was being exceedingly reasonable. "Yes, I believe so, sir."

"Alright, I'll try to reassign the rest. Call Captain Phasma and see if any of it can be postponed or rescheduled."

"Yes, General." The general then walked off to talk to some of the

other officers.

Great. Now Mitaka had to talk to Phasma. Sick Phasma who probably didn't want to talk to anyone, let alone the officer who was going attempt to do her job. And he had to tell her that he was incapable of doing all of it. Mitaka was sure she would be thrilled to hear that.

"This is Lieutenant Mitaka calling Captain Phasma."

The call was answered almost immediately, by the one person in the galaxy Mitaka wanted to speak to even less than Captain Phasma. "This is Kylo Ren. What do you need?"

Why? Why was Kylo Ren answering Phasma's calls? Mitaka had steeled himself for icy disappointment or intimidating condescension, not Ren's dark threats or violent temper. He wasn't prepared for this at all. Had he made a mistake of some kind while placing the call?

"I-I'm sorry, sir! I-I was attempting to contact Captain Phasma, m-my orders are to fill in for her while she's on suspension." He attempted to remain professional, but Ren frightened him. Severely.

"That matter is already taken care of," Ren answered. "Your oversight is unnecessary."

"S-Sir, General Hux's orders were q-quite explicit."

"Are you implying my orders were not? If you wish to speak to me in person, I'm certain I could... clarify them."

Lieutenant Mitaka knew only too well what Ren could and would do to those ends. And he wanted no part of it. He could already feel his hands shaking, he struggled to keep his voice from doing the same. "O-Of course sir, if you wish to speak to the General-"

Mitaka realized his mistake before he even finished the sentence. No one ever wanted to talk to General Hux, especially not Kylo Ren.

"Inform the General that Captain Phasma's duties do not require formal reassignment. Have Commander Linsk and Lieutenants Valera and Sheed contact me immediately. I require their assistance."

Ren terminated the communication.

Mitaka knew at least Sheed was already on duty, now others would have to be pulled to fill in for them while they, presumably, helped Ren fill in for Phasma. Although, in a way, that was easier, at least to coordinate. They'd be able to get officers to do specific set, shifts in exchange for their down time, instead of attempting to pencil them in to do a strange assortment of tasks left behind by Captain Phasma.

That being said, the Lieutenant was hardly looking forward to relaying Ren's message back to the General. General Hux had been in a foul mood since Ren had come to the bridge. He wasn't entirely sure what they had discussed, save that Hux had gotten rather irritated



over the inaccuracy of the name "Talarian Death Fever."

It hadn't been particularly surprising, though. The General wasn't the most skilled at controlling his emotions, particularly in regards to sudden, unpleasant changes in plans or Kylo Ren. Mitaka could hardly blame him, though, Ren threw his weight around to an abusive degree.

The Lieutenant took a deep breath, looking down to make sure his hands had stopped shaking, before calling General Hux over to apprise him of the situation.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: \*\*Second chapter is mostly written by hand, not sure when I'll type it up and post it. Currently working on getting a Lovecraft comic published, so most of my energy will be going into that for a while.

If there is anything in particular you'd like to see, let me know. I'm limited in terms of Kylo and Phasma having interactions alone because no canon media has ever shown us that, so I can only do it in situations like above where they're both completely locked into taking a specific course of action due to their personalities, regardless of the nature of their relationship. But if you want to watch Kylo Ren like try to do a specific part of Phasma's job (like brief the pilots or whatever) let me know. I have a few scenes already but would be open to more ideas. Also reviews telling me which crew members' scenes you liked/didn't are helpful as well. I basically am trying to show a sort of aggregate view of different personalities in the First Order, but if there is a particular perspective you liked or would like to see, please let me know!

For more explanations about Kylo and Phasma's actions, see below, if you'd like.

Yeah, so open to interpretation, as I said. Kylo's either helping because of the training exercise or because he has some personal investment. My personal opinion is that they're probably at least friends who talk about how cool dead Sith are and how much Hux is the worst. I assume Kylo's "opinion" about the Stormtroopers is actually Phasma's opinion about the Stormtroopers that she told him if he noticed she was frustrated with his force sensitivity (remember that's a thing they can do). Phasma is super good at hiding her emotions, but Kylo has magic (and I know it's not really magic, I went over at the top how much I know about Star Wars, I am actually at the point that I can refer to the Force as "magic," that's how much I know about the Force).

Even if they're friends though, by the time he Force Roofies (not the official name for it but it's my name for it) her and takes her back to her room (and he does that to people, we know that's a thing) she's just mad and he can sense it. Either they don't know each other well, and what he did crosses a line and she could report him (she'd look bad for leaving, but he'd look worse for that), so he's doing her job so she won't; or they're friends on some level and he's like "yeah okay, I get it, I probably shouldn't have done that, and also you're not going to relax until you know someone is doing your job better than Hux would do it." Also&#128; I'm pretty sure he could carry her in the armor (it's just to the end of the hall) but I

don't know how heavy that stuff is, or how strong Kylo is (Adam Driver \_can \_pick up Gwendoline Christie, though), but the Force could help him out with anything he couldn't do on his own.

Like looking at it objectively, once Phasma knows that \_Hux\_ knows about her suspension, she's not going to leave again, but at that point Kylo is convinced she's no longer acting rationally and has decided to deal with her as such. And all she wants him to do is get out of there and go do her job before Hux can, so if fusing her door shut makes that easier for him, then she doesn't really \_care\_. And it's possible she's doing it on purpose, if Kylo thinks that she is considering violating her suspension, it puts more pressure on him to do things right, which is really all she cares about.

End  
file.